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Look down on those of whom one single
soul
Is worth a whole creation of such fools ;
'To bear thro' life an ever-anxious breast,
A gloomy forehead, and an aching heart,
To be deceived by thee and still believe,
And tho' so oft the victim of thy wiles,
To listen still to thy sweet syren song.

Yes I will listen still, and be deceiv'd,
And tho' thy dearest prospects be but
dreams,

I'll lay me down, and try to dream again.

PHILAGATHOS.

Edinburgh.

SELECTED POETRY.

To the Proprietors of the Belfast Magazine.

Having seen in your Magazine for last
October a poem called the Emerald Isle,
written in 1795, it occurred to me that
a poem on the same subject, written about
the same time, and I believe never before
published,* would also deserve your no-
tice. It was composed by a very friendly
and very unfortunate man. P.Q.

Nov. 10th, 1812.

ON PRESENTING A YOUNG LADY A GREEN RIBBON.

SWEET were Jane's infant smiles, and
sweet her mien,
As on her brow I bound the ribbon green :
For nature's child should nature's liv'ry
wear,
And green's the banner Erin's sons should
bear.
Her daughters too, should verdant fillets
grace,
And next their hearts the mystic shamrock
place.
Green are her fields : her waves : and green
each grove,
And green's the badge of liberty and love :
The myrtle green is Venus' fav'rite tree,
Now planted in a land of liberty !
Oh ! favour'd land, by nature truly bless'd,
Tho' long insulted, and tho' long oppress'd,
Tho' on thy soil no poisonous reptile lives,
Its fruits to foreign slaves profuse it gives :

* Our correspondent is mistaken. We
have seen it in print, yet we are willing
to gratify him, and admit the insertion.

A venal vermin slavishly sustains.

Break, Erin, break at once thy galling
chains :

For God who rais'd thee high above the
wave,

Who made thy daughters fair, their bro-
thers brave :

Thy shores protected with the circling
flood,

Bless'd the green Isle, and saw that it was
good,

Ne'er meant his chosen people to forsake,
But gave them might those galling bonds
to break.

May heaven propitious hear my ardent
vow,

And bless the charm that binds thy baby
brow,

Make thee the mother of an hardy race,
Thy sons give freedom, and thy daughters
grace.

*The following lines were written by the same
author.*

TO MISS W——, ON HER COMPLAINING
OF AN HEAD-ACHE IN THE THEATRE,
THE AUTHOR HAVING ATTRIBUTED
IT AS A CONSEQUENCE OF SOME NA-
TURAL ROSES SHE HAD PLACED IN
HER HEAD-DRESS.

THO' Hebe's brow a blushing chaplet
bound,

The rose without a thorn is seldom found ;
So the gay wreath upon thy forehead plac'd,
Pain'd tho' it pleas'd, and wounded what
it grac'd ;

Within those flowers a lurking mischief
lay,

As words tho' sweet a dagger oft convey ;
A lovers sigh, perhaps, upon them stray'd,
As late he wander'd pensive thro' the
shade ;

Upon their quiv'ring leaves his ardent
breath,

With kisses press'd the tender plant to
death.

The subtle poison thro' each leaflet ran,
The flowers grew faint and suffer'd for the
man ;

His trembling hand that pluck'd the fatal
charm,

Forgot the jealous florets to disarm ;

Hence sprung those sudden pangs and
throbs of pain,

Which shot their deadly arrows thro' thy
brain ;